THE WHITE COMPANY.

By CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HOW THE COMBADES CAME OVER THE MARCHES OF PRANCE. After passing Cahors, the party branched

away from the main road, and leaving the river to the north of them. followed a smaller track which wound over a vast and desolate plain. This path led them smid marshes and woods, until it brought them out into a glade with a broad stream swirling swiftly down the centre of it. Through this the horses splashed their way, and on the further shore Sir Nigel announced to them that they were now within the borders of the land of France. For some miles they still followed the same lonely track. which led them through a dense wood, and then widening out, curved down to an open. rolling country, such as they had traversed

between Alguillon and Cahors.

If it were grim and desolate upon the English border, however, what can describe the hideous barrenness of this ten times harried Bract of France? The whole face of the country was scarred and disfigured, mottled over with the black blotches of burned farmsteadings and the gray, gaunt gable-ends of what had been chateaux. Broken fences, crumbling walls, vineyards littered with stones, the shattered arches of bridges-look where you might. the signs of rum and rapine met the eye. Here and there only, on the furthest sky line, the granted turrets of a castle, or the graceful pinmacles of church or of monastery showed where the forces of the sword or of the spirit had preserved some small islet of security in this universal flood of misery. Moodily and in silence the little party rode slong the parrow and this fur-stratching land of despair. It was indeed a stricken and blighted country, and a man might have ridden from Auvergne in the north to the marches of Folx, nor ever seen a smiling village or a thriving homestead. From time to time as they advanced they saw

strange lean figures scraping and scratching amid the weeds and thistles, who, on sight of band of horsemen, threw up their arms and dived in among the brushwood, as shy and as swift as wild animals. More than once however they came on families crouch ng by the wayside, who were too weak from hunger and disease to fly. so that they could but sit like hares on a tussock, with panting chests and terror in their eyes. So gaunt were these poor folk, so worn and spent with bent and knotted frames, and sullen hopeless, mutinous faces-that it made the young Englishmen heartsick to look upon them. Indeed it seemed as though all that it was not to be brought back: for when Sir Nigel threw down a handful of silver among them there came no softening of their lined faces, but they clutched greedly at the colds, peering questioningly at him, and champing with their animal jaws. Here and there amid the brashwood the travellers saw the rude bundle of sticks which served them as a home—more like a fowl's nest than the dwelling place of man. Yet why should they build and strive, when the first adventurer who passed would set torch to their thatch, d when their own feudal lords would wring from them with blows and curses the last depth of human misery, and hugged a bliter comfort to their souls as they realized that they could go no lower. Yet they had still the human gift of speech, and would take council noug themselves in their brushwood hovels. glaring with bleared eves and pointing with thin flugers at the great widespread chateaux which ate like a cancer into the life of the intry-side. When such men, who are be wond hope and fear, begin in their dim minds evil time for those who have wronged them. The weak man becomes strong when he has nothing, for then only can be feel the wild, mad thrill of despair. High and strong the chateau. lowly and weak the brushwood hut: but God help the seigneur and his lady when the men of the brushwood set their hands to the work

Through such country did the party ride for eight or it might be nine miles, until the sun shadows to stream down the road in front of Wary and careful they must be, with watchful eyes to the right and the left, for this were those that hung from their belts. Frenchmen and Englishmen. Gascon and Provençal. Brabanter, Tardvenu. Scorcher, Flayer, and Free Companion, wandered and struggled over the whole of the accursed district. Se bars and cheerless was the outlook, and so few and poor the dwellings, that Sir Nigel began to have fears as to whether he might find food and quarters for his little troop. It was a relie to him, therefore, when their narrow track opened out upon a larger road, and they saw some little way down it a square white house with a great bunch of bolly hung out at the and of a stick from one of the upper windows. By St. Paul!" said he. "I am right glad; for

I had feared that we might have neither pro vant nor herbergage. Ride on, Alleyne, and tell this innkeeper that an English knight with his party will lodge with him this night." Alleyne set spurs to his horse and reached

the inn door a longbow-shot before his com-panions. Neither variet nor ostler could be seen, solhe pushed open the door and called loudly for the landlord. Three times he shouted, but, receiving no reply, he opened an inner door and advanced into the chief guest

A very cheerful wood fire was sputtering and cracking in an open grate at the further end of the apartment. At one side of this fire in a high-backed oak chair, sat a lady, her face turned toward the door. The firelight played over her features, and Alleyne thought that he had never seen such queenly power, such dignity and strength, upon a woman's face. She might have been five-and-thirty years of age. with aquiline nose, firm and yet sensitive mouth, dark curving brows and deep-set eyes which shone and sparkled with a shifting brilliancy. Beautiful as she was, it was not her beauty which impressed itself upon the beder; it was her strength, her power, the mense of wisdom which hung over the broad square jaw and delicately moulded chin. A chaplet of gearls sparkled amid her black hair, with a gauze silver network flow-ing back from it over her shoulders; a black mantle was swathed round her, and she leaned back in her chair as one who is fresh

In the opposite corner - there sat a very burly and broad-shouldered man, clad in a black Jerkin trimmed with sable, with a black velvet cap with curiing white feather cooked upon the side of his head. A flask of red wine stood at his elbow, and he seemed to be very much at his ease, for his feet were stuck up on a stool, and between his thighs he held a dishful of nuts. These he cracked between his strong white teeth and chewed in a leisurely way, easting the shells into the blaze. As Alleyne gazed in at him he turned his face half round and cocked an eye at him over his shoulder. It seemed to the young Englishman that he had never seen so hideous a face, for the eyes were of the lightest wards, while the whole countenance was seared and puckered with wounds. The voice. too, when he spoke, was as deep and as flerce as the growl of a beast of prey.

"Young man," said he, "I know not who you may be, and I am not much inclined to bestir myself, but if it were not that I am bent muon taking my ease. I swear, by the sword of Joshual that I would lay my dog-whip across your shoulders for daring to fill the air with

Taken aback at this ungentle speech, and amused gleam from his dame to the staring, scarce knowing how to answeret fills in the enraptured Englishmen. Then, last of all, that

presence of the lady, Alleyne stood with his hand upon the handle of the door, while Sir Nigel and his companions dismounted. At the sound of these fresh voices, and of the tongue in which they spoke, the stranger crashed his dish of nuts down upon the floor, and began himself to call for the landlord until the whole house reschoed with his roar-ings. With an ashen face the white-aproned host came running at his call, his hands shak-ing and his very hair bristling with appre-hension. "For the sake of God, sirs," he hension. "For the sake of God, sirs," he whispered as he passed, "speak him fair and do not rouse him! For the love of the Virgin be mild with him!"
"Who is this, then?" asked Sir Nigel.

Alleyne was about to explain when a fresh "Thou villain, innkeeper," he shouted, "did I not ask you when I brought my lady here whether your inn was clean ?"

"You did, sire."
"Did I not very particularly ask you whether there were any vermin in it?"

"You did, sire."
"And you answered me?"

"That there were not, sire."

"And yet ere I have been here an hour I find Englishmen crawling about within it. Where are we to be free from this postilent race? Can a Frenchman upon French land not sit down in a French auberge without having his sars pained by the clack of their hideous talk? Send them packing, inn-keeper, or it may be the worse for them and for you."

"I will, sire, I will!" cried the frightened bost, and bustled from the room, while the remostrating with her furious companion. "Indeed, gentlemen, you had best go," said

mine host. "It is but six miles to Villefranche where there are very good quarters at the sign of the 'Lion Rouge.'"
"Nay." answered Bir Nigel, "I cannot go

until I have seen more of this person, for he appears to be a man from whom much is to be

"It is not for my lips to name it unless by ble desire. But I beg and pray you, gentlemen, that you will go from my house, for I know not what may come of it if his rage should gain the mastery of him."
"By Saint Paul!" lisped Sir Nigel, "this is

certainly a man whom it is worth journeying far to know. Go tell him that a humble kright of England would make his further honorable acquaintance, not from any presumption. chivalry and the glory of our ladies. Give him greeting from Sir Nigel Loring, and say that the glove which I bear in my cap belongs to the most peerless and lovely of her sex, whom I am ready to uphold against any lady whose claim he might be desirous of advancing."

The landlord was hesitating whether to carry this message or no when the door of the inner room was flung open, and the stranger bounded out like a panther from its den, his hair bristling, and his deformed face convulsed

with anger.
"Still here!" he snarled. "Dogs of England. must ye be lashed hence? Tiphaine, my

honor when we cross swords again. Come in my sweet spouse, the Lady Tiphnine, may say hat she hath seen so famed and gentle a

knight." Into the chamber they went in all peace and concord, where the Lady Tiphaine sat like meen on throne for each in turn to be presentd to her. Sooth to say, the stout heart of Sir Nigel, which cared little for the wrath of her ion-like spouse. was somewhat shaken by the calm, cold face of this stately dame, for twenty years of camp life had left him more at ease in the lists than in a lady's boudoir. He be-thought him, too, as he looked at her set lips and deep-set questioning eyes, that he had heard strange tales of this same Lady Tiphaine du Guesclin. Was it not she who was said to lay bands upon the sick and raise spent their last nostrums. Had she not forecast the future, and were there not times when in the loneliness of her chamber she was heard to hold converse with some being upon whom mortal eye never rested—some dark familiar who passed where doors were barred and win-dows high f Bir Nigel sunk his eye and marked a cross on the side of his leg as he greeted this dangerous dame, and yet ere five minutes had passed he was hers, and not he only but his two young squires as well. The mind had gone out of them, and they could but look at this woman and listen to the words which fell from her lips-words which thrilled through their nerves and stirred their souls like the

Often in peaceful after-days was Alleyne to think of that scene of the wayside inn of Auvergne. The shadows of evening had fallen. and the corners of the long. low. wood-panelled room were draped in darkness. The sputtering wood fire threw out a circle of red fitckering light which played over the little group of wayfarers, and showed up every line and shadow upon their faces. Bir Nigel sat with elbows upon knees, and chin upon hands, his patch still covering one eye, but his other shining like a star, while the ruddy light gleamed upon his smooth white head. Ford was seated at his left, his lips parted, his eyes staring, and a fleck of deep color on either cheek, his limbs all rigid

as one who fears to move. On the other side the famous French captain saned back in his chair. a litter of nut shells upon his lap, his buge head half buried in a oushion, while his eyes wandered with an

pale, clear cut face, that sweet clear voice, with its high thrilling talk of the deathlessness of glory, of the worthlessness of life, of the pain of ignoble joys, and of the joy which lies in all pains which lend to a noble end. Still, as the shadows deepened, she spoke of valor and virtue, of loyalty, honor, and fame, and they sat drinking in her words while the fire burned down and the red ash turned to gray.
"By the sainted Ivos!" cried Du Gueselin

this wayside aubergo there are fit quarters for an honorable company." Sir Nigel gave a long sigh as he came back from the dreams of chivalry and hardlhood from the dreams of chivairy and hardhood into which this strange woman's words had wasted him. "I care not where I sleep," said he: "but these are indeed somewhat rude iodgings for this fair lady." "What contents my lord contents me," quoth she. "I perceive, Sir Nigel, that you are under vow," she added, glanding at his covered eye.

at last, "It is time that we spoke of what we are to do this night, for I cannot think that in

der vow," she added, glanning at his covered eye, the my purnose to attempt some small deed." he answered.

"And the glove—is it your lady's?"

"It is indeed my sweet wiles."

"Who is coubtless proud of you."

"Sav rather 1 of her." quoth he quickly.

"God He knows that 1 am not worthy to be her humble servant. It is easy, lady, for a man to ride for hin the light of day, and do his devoir when all men have eyes for him. But in a woman's heart there is a strength and truth which asks no praise, and can but be known to him whose treasure it is."

The Lady Tiphsine smiled across at her husband. "You have often told me. Bertrand, that there were very gentle knights among the English." quoti she.

"Aye, aye," said he moedliy. "But to horse. Sir Nigel, you and yours and we shall seek the chateau of Sir Tristram de licchelor, which is two miles on this side of Villefranche. He is Seneschal of Auvergne, and mine old war companion."

"Cerics, he would have a welcome for you."

is two miles on this side of Villefranche. He is Seneschal of Auvergne, and mine old war companion."

"Cerics, he would have a welcome for you." quoth Sir Nigel: "but indeed he might look askance at one who comes without permit over the marches."

"By the Virgin! when he learns that you have come to draw away these rascals he will be very bilthe to look upon your face. Innakeeper, here are ten gold bieces. What is over and above your reckening you may take off from your charges to the next needy knight who comes this way. Come then, for it grows late and the lorses stamp in the readway."

The Lady Tiphaine and her stooms strang upon their steeds without setting feet to stirrup, and away they singled down the white moonlit highway, with Sir Nigel at the lady's bridle-arm, and Ford a spear's length behind them. Aileyne had lingered for an in stant in the passage, and as he did so there came a wild outery from a chamber upon the left, and out there ran Aviward and John. I sugning together like two schoolboys who are bent upon a prank. At sight of Aileyne they slunk past him with somewhat of a shame-laced air, and sprincing upon their horses galloped after their party. The hubbub within the chamber did not cease, however, but rather increased, with yells of: "A not, mes amis! A mol, camarades! A mol, l'honorable champion de l'église sainte!" So shrill was the outery that both the innekepor and Aileyne, with every variet within hearing, rushed wildly to the seene of the uproar.

It was indeed a singular scene which met both the line-keeper and Alloyne, with every variet within hearing, rushed wildly to the scene of the uprear.

It was indeed a singular scene which met their eyes. The room was a long and ofty one, stone floored and bare with a freat the further end upon which a great pot was boiling. A deal table ran down the centre, with a wooden wine-pitcher upon it and two horn cups. Some way from it was a smaller table with a single beaker and a broken wine bottle. From the heavy wooden raffers which formed the roof there hung rows of hooks which held up sides of bacon, joints of smoked beef, and strings of onlons for winter use. In the very centre of all these, upon the largest hook of all, there hung a fat little red-faced man with enormous whiskers, kicking madly in the air and clawing at rafters, hams, and all else that was within hand grasp. The hung steel hook had been passed through the collar of his leather jerkin, and there he hung like a fish on a line, writhing, twisting, and screaming, but unterly unable to free himself from his extraordinary position. It was not until Alleyne and the landlord had mounted on the table that they were able to lift him down, when he sank gasping with rage into a seat, and rolled his eyes round in every direction.

"Has he gone:" quoth he.
"Gone? Who?"
"He, the man with the red beaf, the giant man."
"Yes," said Alleyne, "he hath gone."

mind. Mon Dieu! I reliect. I weigh. I talance. Shail I not meet this man again? Shall
I not bear him in mind? Shall I not know
him by his great paws and his red head? Ma
fol, yes."

"And may I ask, sir." said Alleyne." why it
is that you call yourself champion of the Bishop
of Montaubon?"

"You may ask aught which it is becoming
to me to answer. The Bishop hath need of a
champion, because, if any cause be set to test
of combat, it would scarce become his office to
go down into the lists with leathern shield and
cudgel to exchange blows with any variet. He
looks around him, then for some tried fighting
man, some honest smitter who can give a blow
or take one. It is not for me to say now far he
hath succeeded, but it is sooth that he who
thinks that he hath but to do with the Bishop
of Montaubon, fluds himself face to face with
Francois Poursulvant d'Amour Pelligny."

At this moment there was a clatter of hoofs
upon the road, and a variet by the door cried
out that one of the Englishmen was coming
back. The champion looked wildly about for
some corner of safety, and was clambering up
toward the window when Ford's volce
sounded from without calling upon Alieyne to
hasten or he might scarce find his way. Bidding adieu to landlord and to champion, therefore, he set off at a gallop, and soon overtook
the two archers.

"A pretty thing this, John." said he. "Thou
wilt have holy church upon you if you hang
her champions upon iron hooks in an inn
kitchen."

"It was done without thinking." he answered
apologetically, while Aylward burst into a
shout of laughter.

"It was done without thinking." he answered
about of laughter.

"It was done without thinking be answered
about this man was so swollen with pride
that he would neither drink with us, nor sit at
the same table with us, nor so much as answer
a question, but must needs talk to the variet
all the time that it was well there was peace,
and that he had siah more Englishmen than
there were tags to his doublet. Our good old
John could scarce lay his tongue to Fren

Aylward. "Though why they blow them share I cannot tell."
"Let us on then," said Ford, and the whole party, setting their spurs to their horses, soon found themselves at the Castle of Villefranche, where the drawbridge had already been lowered and the portcull's rolsed in response to the summons of Du Gueselin. CHAPTER XXIX. HOW THE BLESSED HOUR OF SIGHT CAME TO THE LADY TIPHAINE. Bir Tristram de Rochefort. Seneschal of Auvergne and Lord of Villefranche was a flerce and renowned soldier who had grown gray in the English wars. As lord of the marches and guardian of an exposed countryside, there was little reat for him even in times of so-called poace, and his whole life was spent in raids and outfalls upon the Bratanters, late-comers, flavers, free companions, and roving archers who wandered over his procing archers who wandered over his procing from the summit of his keep would warn evildoers that there was still a law in the land. At others his ventures were not so happy, and he and his troop would spor it over the drawbridge with clatter of hoos hard at their heel and whistle of arrows about their sers. Hard he was of hand and hatter of these are the free heels and whistle of arrows about their sers. Hard he was of hand and hatter of these are, hated by his foes, and yet not loved by

those whom he prefected, for twice he had been wrame by dirt of blows and totures out of the starting peasants and rumed farmers, which the sheep had most to lear.

The Castle of Villefranche was harsh and collected the starting peasants and rumed farmers, which the sheep had most to lear.

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The Castle of Villefranche was harsh and collected the starting peasants and rumed farmers, which the sheep had most of learn the starting that the starting peasants and the starting that the starting that

lord. Yet there is not one of them but hath an old stocking full of gold pieces hid away in a sing corner."

"Why do they not buy food then?' asked Sir Nigel. "By St. Paul! it seemed to me that their bonos were breaking through their skin."

"It is their grutching and grumbling which makes them thin. We have a saying here. Sir Nigel. that if you pummel Jacques Bonhomme he will pat you. but if you pat him he will pummel you. Doubtless you find it so in England."

"Ma fol, no!" said Sir Nigel. "I have two Englishmen of this class in my train, who are at this instance. I make little doubt, as full of your wine as any cask in your cellar. He who pummelled them might come by such a pat as he would be likely to remember."

"I cannot understand it," outh the seneschal, "for the English knights and nobles whom I have met were not men to brook the insolence of the base born."

"Perchance, my fair lord, the poor folk are sweeter and of a better countenance in England," laughed the Lady Roensfort. "Mon Diou! you cannot conceive to yourself how ugly they are! Without hair, without teeth, all twisted

with a large of the French of the French order.

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"The shared limit the red bead, the gittle many the control of the limit many the property of the limit many the control of the limit many the property of the limit many the control of the limit many the limit now be at hand, when God's hand will be beavy upon you for what you have done." He rose as he spoke and walked from the room.

"Pest take him." cried the French keight.
Now, what is a man to do with a priest. Sir Bertrand? for one can neither fight him like a man nor coax him like a woman.

"Ah, Sir Bertrand knows, the naughty one!" cried the Lady Rochelorr, "Have we not all heard how he went to Avignon and squeezed 60,000 crowns out of the Fone?"

Ma foil said Sir Nigel, looking with a mixture of horror and admiration at Du Guesclin. "Did not your heart sink within you? Were you not smitten with lears? Have you not feit a curse hang over you?"

"I have not observed it." said the Frenchman carelessly. "But, by Saint Ives! Tristram, this chapiain of yours seems to me to be a worthy man, and you should give heed to his words; for though I care nothing for the curse of a bad Pope, it would be grief to me to have a wight but a blessing from a good priest."

"Hark to that, my fair lord, cried the Lady Rochefort. "Take heed. I pray thee, for I do not wish to have a blight cast over me or a palsy of the limbs. I remember that once before you angered Father Stephen, and my tirewoman said that I lost more hair in seven days than ever before in a month."

"It that be sign of sin, then, by Saint Paul! I have much upon my soul," said Sir Nigel, amid a goneral laugh. "But in very truth. Sir Tristram, if I may venture a word of counsel, I should advise that you make your peace with this good man."

"He shall have four silver candlesticks," said, the seneschal moodly, "And yet I

Nigel, amid a general isaugh. "But in very truth. Sir Tristram, if I may venture a word of counsel, I should advise that you make your peace with this good man."

"He shall have four silver candlesticks," said the seneschal moodily. "And yet I would that he would leave the folk alone. You cannot conceive in your mind how stubborn and brainless they are. Mules and pigs are full of reason beside them. God, He knows that I have had great patience with them. It was but leat week that, having to raise some money, I called up to the castle Jean Goulert, who, as all men know, has a casketful of gold pieces hidden away in some hollow tree. I give you my word that I did not so much as lay a stripe upon his fool's back but after speaking with him, and telling him how needful the money was to me. I left him for the night to think over the matter in my dungeon. What think you that the dog did? Why, in the morning we found that he had made a rope from stripe of his leathern jerkin, and had hung himself to the bar of the window."

"For me, I cannot conceive such wickedness!" cried the lady.

"And there was Gertrude Le Bœuf, as fair a maiden as eye could see, but as bad and bilter as the rest of them. When young Amory de Valance was here last Lammastide he looked kindly upon the girl, and even spoke of taking her into his service. What does she do, with her dog of a father? Why, they tie themselves together and leap into the Linden Pool, where the water is five enear' lengths deep. I give you my word that it was a great grief to young Amory, and it was days ers he could cast it from his mind. But how can one serve poople who are so foolish and so ungrateful?"

While the Sensschal of Villefranche had been unable to take his eyes from the take in her chair, with drooping syelids and a blood-less face, so that he had leared at first that her journey had weighed heavily upon her, and that he sirength was bebing out of her. Of a cash of bright color filekered up on to either cheek, and her lids weas here land in human eves before,

he exclaimed, passing his fingers through his hair with the same perplexed expression.

"This is unioward, Sir Tristram." he said at last. "And I searce know in what words to make it clear to you, and to your lair wife and to Sir Nigel Loring and to these other stranger knights. My tongue is a blunt one, and fitter to shout word of command than to clear up such a matter as this, of which I can myself understand little. This, however, I know, that my wife is come of a very sainted lace, whom God hath in His wisdom endowed with wondrous powers, so that Tichaine Haquenel was known throughout Brittany ere ever I first saw her at Dinan. Yot these nowers are ever used for good, and they are the gift of God and not of the devil, which is the difference betwirt white magic and black."

"Perchance it would be as well that we should send for Father Stephen." said Sir Tristram.

"It would be best that he should come," cried the Hospitaller.

"And bring with him a flask of holy water." added the knight of Bohemia.

"Danger. Bertrand—deadly, pressing danger—which creeps upon you and you know it not."

The French soldier burst into a thunderous laugh, and his green eyes twinkled with amusement. "At what time during these twenty years would not that have been a true word?" he cried. "Danger is the air that I breathe. But is this so very close, Tiphaine?" liere—now—close upon you!" The words came out in broken strenuous speech, while the lady's fair face was writhed and drawn like that of one who looks upon a horror which strikes the words from her lips. Du Guesclin gazed round the tapestried room, at the screens, the tables, the abace, the credence, the builet, with its sliver salver, and the half circle of friendly, wondering faces. There was an utter stillness save for the sharp breathing of the Lady Tiphaine and for the gentle soughing of the wind outside, which waited to their ears the distant call upon a swincherd's horn. "The danger may bide," said he, shrugging his broad shoulders. "And now. Tiphaine, tell us what will come of this war in Spain."

" can see little," she answored, straining her eyes and puckering her brow, as one who would fain clear her sight. "There are mountains, and dry plains, and flash of arms and shouting of battle cries. Yet it is whispered to me that by failure you will succeed."

"He is ir Nigol, how like you that?" quoth Bertrand, shaking his head. "It is like mead and vinegar, half sweet, half sour. And is there no question which you would ask my lady?"

"Certes there is, I would fain know, fair lady, how all things are at Twynham Castle, and above all how my sweet lady employs herself."

"Da answer this I would fain lay hand upon one whose thoughts turn strongly to this castle which you have named. Nay, my Lord Loring, it is whispered to me that there is another here who hath thought more deeply of it than you."

"To answer this I would fain his matter at

here who hath thought more deeply of it than you."

"Thought more of mine own home?" cried Sir Nigel. "Lady, I fear that in this matter at least you are mistaken."

"Not so, Sir Nigel. Come hither, young man, young English squire with the gray eyes! Now give me your hand, and place it here across my brow, that I may see that which you have seen. What is this that rises before me? Mist, mist, rolling mist with a square black tower above it. See it shreds out, it thins, it rises, and there lies a castle in groen plain, with the sen beneath it, and a great church within a bow-shot. There are two rivers which run through the meadows, and between them lie the tents of the besiegers."

"The besiegers "cried Alleyne, Ford, and Sir Nigel, all three in a breath.

Yes, truly, and they press hard upon the castle, for they are an exceeding multitude and full of courage. See how they storm and rage against the gate, while some rear ladders, and others. line after line, sweep the walls with their arrow. There are many leaders sage against the gate, while some rear ladders, and others, line after line, sweep the walls with their arrows. There are many leaders who shout and becken, and one, a tail man with a golden beard, who stands before the gate, stamping his foot and hallooing them on, as a pricker doth the hounds. But those in the castle light bravely. There is a woman, two women, who stand upon the walls and give heart to the men at arms. They shower down arrows, darts, and great stones. Ah! they have struck down the tail leader, and the others give back. The mist thickens and I can see no more."

"By Saint Paul!" said Sir Nigel. "I do not think that there can be any such doings at Christchurch, and I am very easy of the fortalice so long as my sweet wife hangs the key of the outer balley at the head of her bed, Yet I will not deny that you have pictured the castle as well as I could have done myself, and I am full of wondermout at all that I have heard and seen."

"I would, Lady Tiphaine," cried the Lady "I would, Lady Tiphaine," cried the Lady Rechefort, "that you would use your power to tell me what hath befallen my golden bracelet which I were when hawking upon the second Sunday of Advent and have never set eyes up-

Sunday of Advent and have never set eyes upon since."

"Nay, ladv," said Du Guesclin, "it does not befit so great and wondrous a power to pry and search and play the variet even to the beautiful châte/aine of Villeiranche. Ask a worthy question, and, with the blessing of God, you shall have a worthy answer."

"Then I would fain ask," cried one of the French soulres," as to which may hope to conquer in these wars betwirt the English and ourselves."

"Both will conquer and each will hold its own," answered the Lady Tiphaine.

"Then we shall still hold Gascony and Guionne?" cried Sir Nigel.

The lady shock her head, "Prench land, Franch blood, French, and France shall have them." them." But not Bordeaux?" cried Sir Nigel ex-

Il have a worthy answer."
rould fain ask, "cried one of the ce, "as to which may hope to these wars belwitt be English in the conjuger and each will hold its red the Landy Tibdaine.

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"But not Bordeaux?" cried Sir Nigel excitedly.

"Bordeaux also is for France."

"But Calais too."

"Wo worth me then, and ill hall to these svil words! If Bordeaux and Calais be gone, then what is left for England?

"It seems indeed that there are evil times coming upon vour country." said Du Guesciin.

"In our fondest hopes we never thought to hold Bordeaux. By Saint Ives! this news hath warmed the heart within me. Our dear country will then be very great in the future, Tiphaho?"

"Great and rich and beautiful." she cried.

"Far down the course of time I can see her still leading the nations, a wayward queen among the peoples. Ernst in the suit for her sole monarch from the sands of Calais to the blue seas of the south."

"Ball' cried Du Guesclin, with his eyes flashing in triumph, "you hear her. Sir Nigel?—and she never jet said word which was not sooth."

The English knight shock his head moodily. What of my own noor country?" said he. "I fear, lady, that what you have said bodes but small good for her."

The hady sat with parted lips, and her breath came quick and fast. "My God!" she cried. What is this that is shown me? Whence come they, these peoples, these lordly nations, those mighty countries which rise up before me? I look beyond, and others rise, and yet others, far and further to them, and it resounds with the clang of their hammers and the ringing of their church bells. They call them many names and the yrule them this way or that, but they are all English for I can hear the voices of the people, On I go, and enward over seas where man bath never yet sailed, and I see a great land under new stars and a stranger sky, and still the land is England. Where have her children not gone? What have they not done? Her banner is planted on the. Her hanner is content we have her children not gone? What have a undense, for the buds of her bud are even as our choicest flower."

Her voice rose to a wild cry, and throwing up her arms she sank back white and nerve

into the deep caken chair.

"It is over." said Du Guesclin wearly, as he raised her drooning head with his strong brown hand. "Wine for the lady, squire! The blessed hour of sight hath passed."

ALL ABOUT THE MOSQUITO.

THE SWEET SINGER OF THE GLOAMING

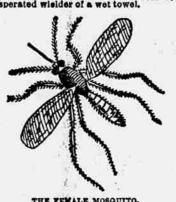
Arising From the Marsh Like Venus From From the Clobe Democrat

"I stood on the bridge at midnight." the anything but genia) "mosquito," "musketo,"
"musquito," musquetoe," moschito," moschetto, "mosquetto," muschetto," mushetto," or "musquetto," sings on these cool, damp evenings St. Louis has been enjoying during the past week. For such a very little pest the 'mosquito" has more names and in more languages than any other living thing. Scientists variously call her the culex pipiens, ailex Americanus, the cousin, the moucheron, and the "humming gnat." The Century Dictionary describes the insect of many aliases as "one of many different kinds of gnats or midges, the female of which bites animals and draws blood." Parsons given to attribute to the there is in the world will bear this in mind.



Mr. Mosquito is an easy-going, gorgeously arrayed creature, with neither the disposition nor the ability to bite animals and draw blood. nor the ability to bite animals and draw blood.

He is a sort of Turreydrop in the insect world, who seems to have no higher object during his brief life than "to show himself about town." His life, to be sure, is a short one, but then it is full of indolence and luxury. He is expected to pay tertain delicate attentions to his infinitesimal spouse, which she rewards when tred of him by giving him a short, sharp and fatal prod of the remarkable lance which she carries concealed in her proboscis. He is not provided with such a weapon, and is as much at her mercy as a boxer at that of a skilled swordsman, He is of gentle and perhaps amiable character. He lives on a strictly vegetable diet, which may account for the absence of the bloodthirsty and feroclous spirit of his spouse. She can, at a pinch, lead the life of a vegetarian; but what she wants is gore, piping hot gore, human, if she can get it, but never overlooking any chance. The toughest hide that ever covered a horse or a steer does not interene between the lady mosquito and her vampirish thirst. It is even doubted that Col. Masquito is given to vocal efforts. If he ever does join his consort in a nerve-destroying due the sings very low and his performance is entirely over-looked, when the gestless human appreciates the ease with which my lady takes high C and holds it until driven out of the room by the exasperated wisider of a wet towel. He is a sort of Turveydrop in the insect world.



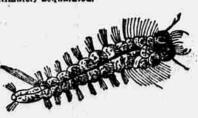
THE FEMALE MOSQUITO. Less is known about the origin of the mosquito's name than of his habits, and Americans have no monopoly of information upon this latter phase of the subject. All climates claim reason to the mosquito as peat in chief. On the upper waters of the Missouri mosquitoes, after a prainy season, are the greatest impediment to navigation met with. They swarm by millions. Cattle are driven in the river, and they stand with their muzzles alone heid above the business are forced to burn smudge fires. They are of every conceivable degree of minuteness, and no veil has fine enough texture to exclude them. Arctic explorers all write of sufferings at the hands or rather stings of in mosquitoes.

In England mosquitoes are called gnats, and on the Continent of Europe cousins, monch-

mosquitoes.

In Engiand mosquitoes are called gnats, and on the Continent of Europe cousins, moucherons, and other names. The gnat belongs to the genus cuter. It is found in most of the temperate and tropleal portions of the globe where man has penetrated. About thirty species are known in the United States.

In the human family the female is the more ornamental as well as the more amiable animal. In the insect world, particularly among mosquitoes, the reverse is the case. There are mosquitoes, the reverse is the case. There are mosquitoes which confine their activities to the daylight hours and lavish their carcesses principally on the tender foliage of trees and aromatic plants. These principally inhabit woods and marshes. The other varieties make themselves heard and felt during the night chiefly. The greater portion of their active existence is passed in or near human habitations. These are the varieties with which man is most intimately acquainted.



THE LARVA OF THE MOSQUITO.

THE SWEET SINGER OF THE GLOAMING
MINUTELY EXAMINED.

THE SWEET SINGER OF THE GLOAMING
MINUTELY EXAMINED.

Arising From the Marsh Like Venus From
the Sea, Only More Numerously—It is
the Feminiue Mesquito that Does Most
of the Biting—A Fenrfully and Weaderfully Made Proboscis.

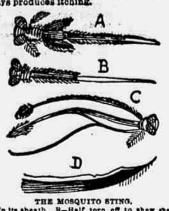


MOSQUITO EMERGING FROM PUPA SWELL.

Mosquito Emending From Pupa SHELL.

If the gust of wind or eddy fall to appearand it is certain that they often do fail to appear—the insect slowly extricates its front pair of lags and places them on the surface of the water, still clinging to its shell boat. Then it stowly and deliberately screads its wings. They at first strike, the water, but are raised above it again, and the sun-for these affairs invariably take place on sunny dayand air dry them. The hind legs are then slowly drawn from the shell until their ends rest on the edge of the boat, the body is stretched out, and the wings expanded. A moment afterward the wings sypanded and the mosquito is ready for business.

Encomologists are by no means agreed as to the number of pieces in the proboscls, or sing, of the common mosquito. This is the instrument which punctures the flesh and serves as a sort of introduction of the mosquite othe humon family. Some authorities declare that if has four pieces, others averthat it has six, while still others assert that it has but five. The average layman would be unwilling to place the number below twenty. The proboscls is tubular in form. The lances altached to it, whatever their number may be, are sharper than any instrument which is a screen of the skin by the proboscls. This injected which makes the mosquito's "sting" so painful, but rather the secretion which is injected under the skin by the proboscls. This always produces itching.



A-In its sheath. B-Half torn off to show sheeth C-Sucker developed to show parts. D-Barbed point of one blade of sucker.

A—In its sheath. B—Half torn off to show sheaf. C—Sucker developed to show parta. D—Barbed point of one blade of sucker.

There is no unanimity among scientists regarding the question of poison in the mosquito's "sting." No poison gland has yet been found in the bead of say of these in-sects which have been examined. The wounds have been known to swell and bocome infinimed in many cases. In some delicate skins, indeed, ulcers are said to have been produced, but on this latter point many etomologists throw doubts. It is certain, as millions or victims will very feelingly testify, that the wounds are often painfullandfalways decidedly unpleasant. The saliva injected is believed to be slightly serid. This quality, aggravated with the action of the barbed joint on one blade of the "sucker," as shown in the illustration, causes irritation, which is sought to be allayed by scratching, but which in reality makes the wound the more inflamed and painful.

Unhapplly, the mosquito's "sting" is not so irritating to the victim's flesh as its "song" is to his nerves. Concerning the manner in which this sound is produced the naturalist is liment as much in the dark as the most ignorant and thoughtless non-scientist. The ordinary person, it is true, if questioned on the subject, would unhesitatingly answer of hand that it is made by the respiratory organs, as the vocal music of man and many of the lower animals is made. The naturalist, however, would not make this mistake. For whatever produces this sound, it appears tolerably certain that it has no necessary connection with the breathing apparatus. Kirby, a well-known British entomologist, attributed it to the iriction made by the base of the wings against the cheet in flying. Other naturalist, equality skilled and observant, ascribe it, to the rapid motions of the vibrate fifty times every second while flying, indeed, move rapidly enough to produce a buzz of a fairly robust and pronounced character. One authority estimates that they vibrate fifty times every second while fly one time within a total test of a paradia head—and twice or thrice as many a that are often flying within a space smaller than that in a woods, beside a brook, or in a garden—and it would be wonderful, if the air were not vocal with sound.

BABY IN THE BEAR PIT. An Exciting Incident of the Russel Family's

When Mrs. H. Russel of Minneapolis tucked the bed clothing snugly around her little 3-year-old daughter Bessle last night also bowed her head and breathed a prayer of thankegiving for the miraculous return of her golden-haired little darling from the jaws of death. The innocent blue eye- of the child had but a few hours before gazed into the faces of the bears in the Lincoln Park "Zoo" and had felt their hot breath on her cheek.

Saturday morning Mr. and Mrs. Russel registered at the Auditorium Hotel. They were on a cleasure trip and spent the different attigactions in the cir. I resends little giff Berigic took groat delight in gazing it the animals. Her papa purchased for some cake which she gave indiscribed in the clephant. The Unifoles, the content of the botter animals. When the rustes sat on their hotely in the huge. In garing the content of the bear jit the huge. In garing the part of the huge in the part of the capacious mouths the crant mains. When the rustes sat on their heart of the huge. The part of the part of the huge in the part of the huge in the part of the huge in the huge in the part of the huge in the huge in the part of the huge in the part of the huge in the huge in